



The Tripod

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SHEPARD EMPHASIZES THE VALUE OF HEROIC TRADITION

Develops Idea from Example of Washington.

In his talk about George Washington, delivered in chapel last Wednesday, Professor Shepard did not attempt to outline Washington's life or to delineate his character, but considered only the influence of heroes and of the heroic tradition upon the national mind and the individual life. The speaker said, in part:

"There is a class of men who appear in the world at wide intervals of time, and apparently at just those crises in which they are most needed, to whom all right-minded men look up with veneration, as though they had been fashioned of more than common clay. These exceptional men may not be more brilliant than others; in the Puritanical morality of mere abstention from this and that they may not be more moral; but they carry with them in every word and deed the unmistakable atmosphere of power. What others dream of doing, they do. With patience and gentleness and sympathy they smile down upon the mob that nearly always, at some stage of their history, howls to destroy them, and what they set their hearts upon, though nearly all the world may seem against them, they carry through. Cringing to no man, subservient to no institution, they speak their word and do their work in the solitude of greatness.

"Such men as these found nations and preserve them, but this may not be their highest service. Their fame is won as much by what they are as by what they do. They keep us in mind of the possible dignity of human nature, reminding us of its potential heights and depths and so calling us out of the littleness of our own lives. The thought of them makes us a little less content with mere contentment, a little less comfortable in mere comfort, and the memory of them makes mere respectability seem somewhat less respectable.

"These men we call heroes. Without at least one of them a country can hardly be a country and cannot know itself, for it has not yet found a rallying-point and has no spokesman. America is very rich and fortunate in having had two men of this heroic mould. It will be the theme of a thousand years to contrast and compare them.

"In a democracy which seems more and more given over to the naive idea that all men are created equal, the conception of heroism does not readily arise or greatly thrive, yet without that conception it is hard to see how any democracy can endure. Paradoxical as it may seem, a democracy stands in greater need than other forms of government and society of these outstanding examples of the heroic. It needs them to correct its own bias toward the common and the dull and the monotonous. It needs them as models for the aspiration and imitation of young men.

"For more than a century the life of America has been strenuous but shallow, superficially exciting but inwardly dull, active but thoughtless. The reasons for this we know, and they make it clear that the fault is not wholly ours but is partly due to the task that was set before us. Yet, after all explanations are made, the fact remains. We were obliged to strip for action; but now that we have stripped we are bare. One serious result of this is seen in the extreme difficulty of educating young men in America. For to educate a man is to

(Continued on page 3, column 5.)

ADAMS AND BARRET BROADCAST.

Discuss the Real George Washington.

The real George Washington, as sketched in a radio dialogue over station WTIC here Tuesday night by Professors LeRoy Carr Barret and Arthur Adams of Trinity College was neither the cold, marble-statue figure of tradition nor the loose liver of modern biography. He was depicted by the professors as a dignified, reserved aristocrat who lacked neither geniality nor fire; a rare combination of common sense, deliberation and sharp, decisive action; careful and methodical; a keen business man whose eye always saw the main chance, and a man of tremendous industry.

Biography in the last decade, Professors Barret and Adams said, has aimed to strip from historical figures the accretion of myths which have surrounded them and in doing that has been valuable. But by over-stressing isolated incidents these men whom James M. Beck has termed "garbage historians", have made the incidents appear derogatory of the character considered, they pointed out.

This sort of thing has been done with Washington, they said, but it has in no way affected his greatness; it has merely shown that he was not impeccable. On the basis of a single existing letter from Washington to Sally Fairfax, the broadcasters showed, modern biography has built up an "affair" between the two, whereas, in fact, Miss Fairfax, who was Washington's "next-door neighbor", became his sister-in-law before he was 21 years old.

The myths surrounding the figure of Washington have grown up from three sources, the professors said: The biography of "the lying Parson Weems", the statuesque figure portrayed in the Stewart portrait for which Washington sat when he had no front teeth, and anecdotes.

The use of anecdotes as history is dangerous, the professors said, because as the stories are repeated fancy constantly colors and enlarges them and stories of lesser figures are gradually accumulated about the great hero and become attributed to him.

The biography of Washington, written by "the lying Parson Weems", which ran through forty editions, is responsible for many of the Washington myths, Professor Barret said. This book was written purely as a financial enterprise and was peddled by the author among the pioneers of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio, with great business success. In this biography appears the cherry tree story and, curiously enough, the two professors declined to discredit this incident. It did not appear until the sixth edition of the Weems' book, Professor Adams pointed out, and Weems said that he got it from a woman who lived on the Washington estate. Professor Barret, who doubted the truth of the story, agreed that it is not highly improbable because Washington, when 14, copied out a set of maxims for guidance in life and showed an unusual tendency throughout his life to tell the truth even though it might have unpleasant consequences.

An incident of a meeting on the road related by the actor Bernard, who was a guest at Mount Vernon for the day, shows Washington to have been a genial, kindly host and a turner of neat phrases, the professors said, and they pointed to his "whirlwind" three-day courtship of the widow Custis as refutation of the myth that Washington was cold and

(Continued on page 3, column 4.)

TRINITY DEBATERS WIN.

Unanimous Decision Given.

In its first intercollegiate debate since the World War, Trinity College defeated Gettysburg College Monday night by unanimous decision of the judges. Trinity upheld the negative of the question, "Resolved, That the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act Should Be Modified so as to Permit the Manufacture and Sale of Light Wines and Beers." The debate was held in Alumni Hall.

The argument that the legalization of light wines and beer would lead eventually to the complete repeal of the eighteenth amendment and a return to the days of the open saloon was stressed by each speaker on the winning team. Gettysburg based its arguments mainly on the contention that prohibition is a violation of personal liberty.

The Trinity team was composed of William Rosenfeld, Aaron Bobrow and William Leahy, with Harry Wise as alternate. The members of the losing team were Stewart C. Smith, Walter Richter and Ralph A. Nixdorf, with Herman S. Keiter as alternate.

The Winning Arguments.

Pointing out the harmful effects of alcohol, Mr. Rosenfeld, the first Trinity speaker, declared that "once the advocates of light wines and beer have had their way, the end of prohibition is inevitable. The introduction of the lighter liquors would surely mean the eventual repeal of the eighteenth amendment and the re-establishment of those detestable institutions, the saloons."

The difficulties of enforcing a law allowing light wines and beers were declared to be insurmountable by Mr. Bobrow, the second negative speaker. Another warning against possible reversion to the evils of the saloon was given in the concluding speech by Mr. Leahy. Instead of modifying the law he proposed that a nation-wide campaign be undertaken to educate the younger generation to realize "that the evils of liquor are worse than those of war."

More Debates Probable.

The Gettysburg speakers, in addition to claiming that prohibition violates personal liberty, maintained that the majority of American people are opposed to prohibition and that the present law is "unnecessary and harmful."

The judges were G. F. Cherry, head of the English department of Loomis Institute; Professor C. O. Fisher, of Wesleyan University, and Raymond R. McOrmond, headmaster of Westminster School. Professor Odell Shepard of Trinity was chairman. Following the debate, the judges and members of both teams were entertained by President Remsen B. Ogilby at his home.

In view of the success of Monday night's debate, it is probable that others will be scheduled by Trinity for the present season, it was said by officials of the Sumner Debating Club.

BOSTON ALUMNI SMOKER.

Held at University Club.

The alumni of Trinity College who live in Boston and vicinity held an informal smoker at the University Club, Boston, last evening at 8 o'clock. Professors Costello and Galpin represented the college. Dr. Ogilby had intended to be present but owing to the death of Mr. Sidney Fisher, the oldest trustee of the college, he was called to Philadelphia to attend the funeral.

POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

Henry A. Atkinson Speaks.

Mr. Henry A. Atkinson, clergyman, educator, and well-known writer, spoke to the Political Science Club, last evening at 8 o'clock in the Public Speaking Room. His subject was "The Present Prospects of Peace." A summary of his talk will be given in the next issue of "The Tripod."

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTS.

The Junior Class elections were held today in the Public Speaking room. Plans for making up the Prom deficit were discussed.

A full report of this meeting will be given in "The Tripod" next week.

FINANCE COMMITTEE MEETS.

There was a regular weekly meeting of the Senate Finance Committee in Jarvis 8 last Wednesday afternoon. Routine business was attended to and work on the annual report was brought nearer to completion.

SENIORS HOLD ELECTIONS.

Eberle Succeeds Himself as President.

The Senior Class held its elections last Friday and the following men were chosen to fill the offices: Frederick J. Eberle, President; Robert W. Hildebrand, Vice-President; Richard A. McCurdy, Secretary-Treasurer.

There was no other business excepting a discussion of tentative plans for the activities of Commencement Week.

CONN. AGGIE FRESHMEN DEFEAT TRINITY JUNIORS 42 TO 17.

On Wednesday, February 16, the Trinity Junior Varsity were badly defeated by the Connecticut Aggie Freshmen. The game was played at Storrs.

The lineup:

Trinity	Conn. Aggies
Platt, f	Lamoureux, f
Knurek, f	Ryan, f
Loomis, c	Duffy, c
Jackson, g	Osterling, g
Burleigh, g	Flydal, g
Cutler, g	Caffery, f
Prete, f	Bidwell, g
Walter, g	Schlossberg, g
Belden, g	Pivnick, f
Morgan, g	Gobel, g
	Christin, g

COMING EVENTS.

Friday, February 25, 7.30 p. m.—High School Gymnasium, basketball, Trinity vs. Pratt.

Monday, February 28, 12.00 noon—Public Speaking Room, Henry Copley Greene, "France in the 12th Century." Illustrated by pictures and songs by Miss Greene.

Tuesday, March 1—Radio Dialogue, Humphrey-Rogers, "Chinese Nationalism."

Wednesday, March 2, 8.30 a. m.—College Chapel. The Rev. Leslie Glenn of Worcester.

7.30 p. m.—High School Gymnasium, basketball, Trinity vs. Wesleyan.

Friday, March 4, 8.00 p. m.—Public Speaking Room, Professor W. K. Gregory, "The Face from Fish to Man."

TRINITY DEFEATED BY CONNECTICUT AGGIE FIVE

Large Crowd Witnesses Stirring Game.

On Saturday, February 19, the Blue and Gold quintet of Trinity went down to defeat at the hands of the Connecticut Aggie team in a home game played in the Hopkins Street gymnasium. The game was witnessed by one of the largest groups of spectators that have crowded their way into the Hopkins Street gym this season. Although rather one-sided from the point of view of score, the contest was an exciting one from start to finish being an exhibition of good basketball and fast playing. The final score was 31 to 15 in favor of the Aggies.

First Half.

The game opened somewhat in Trinity's favor. The Blue and Gold team were able to make good a few shots and maintained readily the fast pace which was set by the Aggie aggregation. For the first few minutes of play it seemed as though Trinity had quite an equal chance of victory, but once the Aggies started connecting with the hoop there was no end to it. The loss of "Dud" Burr early in the period due to personal fouls was a considerable handicap to the home team. Burr played an excellent game while he was on the floor. At the end of the period the whole Aggie second team was sent in the game. The contest slowed up a bit when this occurred but Trinity was not successful in increasing her score. The score at the half was Aggies 17 Trinity 9.

Second Half.

Early in the second period the first string Aggies were again put in the game and things again became more peppy. The Aggie score continued to increase but although Trinity put up a fast and furious fight they were only able to score six points. The superiority of the Aggies was quite evident during this period. The final score was 31 to 15.

The lineup:

Conn. Aggies	Trinity
Schofield, f	Burr, f
Eddy, f	Mastronarde, f
Ellovich, c	Ebersold, c
Williams, g	(Capt.) Whitaker, g
Schildgren, g	Hallstrom, g
Watson, f	Woods, g
Daly, g	Burton, f
Kennedy, f	
Krayeski, f	
Smith, c	

TRINITY JUNIORS DEFEAT LAUREL BUSINESS COLLEGE 19 TO 6.

In a preliminary game to the Trinity-Connecticut Aggie contest on Saturday night the Trinity Junior Varsity defeated the Laurel Business College by a score of 19 to 6. The game was decidedly in favor of Trinity from start to finish. The score was 15 to 5 at the half. All the Trinity Juniors had a chance to take part in the game.

The lineup:

Trinity Juniors	Laurel
Frete, f	King, f
Knurek, f	T. Gallagher, f
Loomis, c	Bray, c
Cutler, g	Kaska, g
Jackson, g	Dunn, g
Burleigh, g	Klinski, f
Belden, g	G. Gallagher, f
Platt, f	Salka, g
Walter, f	
Morgan, g	
Cooper, g	

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THRU THE EDITOR'S TRIPOD

For Your Scrap Book.

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

—Emerson.

DEBATING CLUB.

The Debating Club has deserved the congratulations and the praise of the entire student body, by their victory over Gettysburg last Monday night. All credit should be given to the men in the club who have worked so hard to organize a debating body and who have been so successful in that attempt, in the face of seemingly overwhelming obstacles. We wish to express "The Tripod's" appreciation of the Debating Club's efforts and we are sure that we are setting forth the opinion of all of the students.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTION.

Marco the Polo Pony.

"Emery! Emery!" a high, screeching, female voice called from the corner.

"Here I am, Mary, my dear, I'm busy," replied a man bent over shoveling coal on the boiler. He straightened up, at least as much as he could, for, although not over forty-five, his back was bent till it almost formed a right angle at his shoulder blades. It was a question whether he was a

hunchback or merely very round-shouldered. As he pushed his battered cap back from his forehead, a bunch of sand-colored hair appeared. From a side view you would say he had a huge beak rather than a nose. His voice was even worse than that of his wife, for, besides being pitched very high it was further colored by a distinct nasal sound.

"I don't care if you're busy or not. That old horse of yours is out again. It's probably down to the bottom of the island by now. Mighty funny you can't take care of it." His wife, a black-haired, bony, large-framed woman, had said this, first shaking a menacing finger under his nose, and then indignantly placing her hands on her hips. Under the onslaught Emery had backed away, and now a sickish, foolish grin spread over his thin features.

"Well, don't stand there like a fool. Hurry up now and catch the horse," the woman continued, motioning in the direction of the farms.

Emery took his thumbs from beneath his over-all shoulder straps and leisurely reached toward his chewing tobacco. "I've got a few fish t' clean, and one or two other chores t' do, and then I'll run up and catch him," he drawled.

"You'll git right up now, Emery Eager!" The woman strode boldly toward her husband and rained slaps upon his head, which he tried to ward off with his hands. "Now git along!" The man sneaked off between the cottages, with his head still drawn down between his shoulders and his hands across his head. Not until he was sure that he was not being pursued did he straighten up. Stuffing a piece of tobacco in his jaw, he leisurely strode across the park swinging his arms. Mrs. Eager came to the front of the cottages and watched him for a moment or two to make sure he was headed in the right direction.

Emery returned about two hours later. "Wall, I caught the pony after chasing him down to the Country Club and back. The critter finally got tangled up in a barb-wire fence. He's some pony. It takes a real man to catch him."

Emery was a painter by trade, but there was only enough work of this kind in the spring and fall around the hotel. In the summer he declined to an odd-job man. His wife worked in the laundry. Between them they earned enough to support their small but neat home and send the two daughters to school. Mrs. Eager was very industrious, always very busy, and was a good wife and mother. Emery was naturally a lazy fellow, ran up bills at every opportunity, and loved to talk. Mary had her hands full keeping him at work, and it was her industriousness that kept their small income from being wasted. She just seemed to love work.

The family had no use whatever for a horse, but when Marco, a former polo pony, was offered for sale at forty dollars, he could not resist the temptation and, by paying ten dollars down, he took it. Every few days during the summer the animal would break out of its enclosure and roam over the island. The manager cursed the handy man loudly for spending so much time chasing the pony, when his services were needed around the hotel.

During the summer the mail was brought down to the island by boat from a town four and one-half miles upstream, but the freezing of the St. Lawrence in winter made this impossible. During the winter months the mail was transported to a point on the mainland just opposite the island, called Fisher's Landing, and carried across the ice to the Fine View dock on the island. The man who had carried the mail across the previous winter had died of tuberculosis and Emery, having little to do in winter, accepted the job. At last Marco would be of use, for Fine View was a mile and a half from the Thousand Island Park post office.

By paying ten dollars more on the pony, Emery received an old rig from

the former owner, as well as some harness. The day after the mailboat stopped running Emery went to the barn to harness Marco for the drive to Fine View. Marco, having had little or no care all summer, had grown rough and shaggy. The animal proved as vicious as he looked, and his master, or rather owner, found it impossible to harness him. Emery knew quite a bit about boats but nothing about harness and horses. He would have had trouble getting the harness properly arranged on a wooden model, and it proved impossible on the shifting, jumping, kicking pony.

He put some grass in the horse's feed box, but this only mildly interested the animal, not enough to keep him quiet. As was customary when in trouble, the mailman called his wife to his aid. "You poor, helpless creature, you. Can't even harness an old pony. Here, get out of my way!" Emery, with his customary grin, gladly surrendered his job to his wife. Mary boldly went about the harnessing, but her harsh treatment did not intimidate Marco in the least, in fact he was even more active. "I'll fix him," she finally declared, and hurried toward the house. Emery expected to see her return with a horsewhip, but she came out of the house with a peck bag.

"What a' you got there, Mary?"

"If you'd used your head you'd have thought of it a half hour ago. Here, feed him a couple of these and I'll harness him." She took two of the smallest and meanest apples from the bag. After Marco had eaten four the harnessing was complete. He could not be made to back in between the shafts of the old buggy, so they pulled it up to him.

A few moments later Emery was bumping along the rough, rocky road by the river. He sat up perfectly straight on the seat, arms extended almost straight forward, hanging tightly to the reins. Each rock and hole in the road threatened to throw him from his seat, or tear the wabbling wheels from the rig, and the road was nearly all rocks or holes. One or two of the natives greeted him but he only nodded, not daring to loosen his hold on the reins.

Past the water tank, and up the steep hill by the Golf Club, this queer outfit raced, finally pulling up before the general store of Fine View. Frank Calhoun, Jerry Gardener, Herman Baltz and two or three others were sitting on the store porch. As Emery drove up they arose and, while he was tying the pony to the hitching post, they gathered about Marco and criticized him from head to foot. One would think he was a race horse, judging from the care with which they went over his shaggy, white body. "Fine piece of horseflesh in his day," remarked Herman after the examination.

"Yes, and his day isn't up yet," Emery remarked, proudly putting his thumbs beneath his shoulder straps.

"Is it a gentle beast?" inquired Frank, who took gentleness to be the finest quality that anything could possess.

"He does just as I say," said Emery in such a convincing manner that no one would guess the difficulty he had had harnessing Marco that morning. In fact, on the way up to Fine View, at every level stretch in the road he had debated whether or not it would be wise to unharness the pony again or not. "Well, I must get over for my mail now," he continued, starting toward the dock.

In about two hours he was seen coming up from the dock with a small amount of mail over his shoulder, and three Sears-Roebuck catalogs under one arm. Sears-Roebuck was the patron saint, the Santa Claus, of these isolated people. The train had been only an hour late. Later in the winter Emery learned to start across the river an hour and a half after the train was due. The men were still on the store porch; in fact, they would

have been there if he had been away for four hours. There was only one change, a poster, announcing a dance and box lunch, to be held in the auditorium above the general store, the next Saturday night.

Marco dozed by his post with blinking eyes, only awakening when a fly bit his ear. Emery read the poster two or three times, did a jig, which ended, with his left foot in his right hand, and his characteristic grin. Anyone who had seen Emery clog, or being chased by his wife, declared that he could earn a fortune on the stage. His grin alone was an act in itself.

Waving a farewell to the natives, Emery threw his mail into the buggy. Going around to the horse's head he undid the halter. The horse, it seems, was troubled with what his master afterward called, "the blind staggers." Immediately upon being released he started to back up, pulling the rope from Emery's hands. Emery quickly regained it and matched his strength pulling one way, against the pony's pulling in the opposite direction. The man was on the losing side and, with feet sliding on the dusty road, he was dragged along. The buggy described a wide half-circle toward the river. To all appearances it seemed that the buggy would be followed by the pony over the bank. The men on the porch were hysterical with laughter and, although many jesting suggestions were offered, no one came to his rescue. Neither rocks nor tree-stumps could stop the persistent animal, and Emery's oaths and pleas fell upon deaf ears.

In order to step around a rock the horse swerved sharply to the right, and continued backing parallel to the river and right along the brink of the bank. Suddenly there was a jolt. The buggy and Marco stopped, then the pony sat down, snapping off both thills. With much difficulty, and a rain of blows, the horse was finally urged onto his feet. Leaving the buggy against the tree where it had hit, Emery tied the mail bag to the harness and, taking the reins in one hand and the books under the other arm, started toward the park. Until he was well out of ear-shot the humorous individuals on the porch cast jesting remarks after him.

The next morning, as I sat on the porch veranda, Marco came strolling down the road with a blanket strapped on his back and a rope, evidently to be used as a bridle, hanging down from the bit. He stopped in front of the cottage and quietly cropped the grass. Emery, breathless from running, appeared a moment later. Marco continued to eat until his master came near, then galloped off along the river bank a short distance. This was repeated several times. At last Emery caught him and secured the mail bag, which he had been carrying to the improvised saddle. Marco allowed himself to be meekly led to a nearby horse block and remained perfectly quiet while his master ascended it. Emery grasped the rope bridle firmly and swung his left leg over the horse's back. The beast gave a leap and Emery was jerked from the block, coming down with a thud in the road. The queer man was a humorous sight, indeed, sitting there in the road and watching the pony ambling off down the road, wondering what had happened.

The last I saw of the pair Emery was shaking his fist at the pony and pursuing him with terrible oaths. According to a report in the latter part of November, the buggy had been repaired and was in use, but the supply of apples was getting lower day by day, and Emery was looking forward with horror to the time when it would be necessary to hitch up without them. As the apples become fewer and fewer, Mrs. Eager become more and more emphatic in her statement that, "It's a crime that we have to waste our apples on that darned old horse when we need them so bad ourselves."

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INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS

Student life as depicted in the opera, "The Student Prince", the setting of which is Heidelberg, the mecca for university students of the early 18th century, will form the background for the Junior Prom of the University of Washington. The atmosphere will be produced by beer steins to hold the punch, pictures of castles ablaze with light thrown on pillars, draped with flags, colored lights, uniformed guards of honor and trysting places to meet partners for the dance.

"A professor is one who repeats what he has read in a book sometime or other.

"A teacher is one who can make the subject he teaches live in the minds of his students long after they have graduated.

"The tragedy of college is there are so many professors and so few teachers."

A University of Maryland student arrested for speeding after a football game was released on his personal bond when he told the judge he lost his shoes in the between-halves struggle of the Maryland-Virginia game and was hastening home because his feet were cold.

A student at Western Maryland University desired a grand piano. His room was not large enough to hold both piano and bed, so he may be seen peacefully slumbering on the musical instrument every night.

Ambitious student executives at the University of Minnesota will probably take over the work of trying student misdemeanors. A student court will do this work if the wishes of E. E. Nicholson, dean of student affairs, are carried out. The All-University Council it is proposed will take over this work, acting, possibly, in conjunction with members of the administration. The students are unwilling to take over this responsibility at present. The Council deemed necessary certain changes in the machinery before this added duty could be taken over.

Yale graduates who wonder why the university does not bring student law-breakers to the carpet are told by the "Alumni Weekly" that this task lies now within the province of the student government which "has come to stay."—Stute, Stevens Tech.

Students at Amherst recently, after placarding the buildings, held a mass meeting protesting against the failure of the college authorities to act on their petition for the abolition of compulsory chapel. The matter has been brought to the attention of the trustees and they will make a decision on the new developments of the problem at their meeting on March 1.

Another suggestion from big business on how to run a college:

I would cut the college course two years.

I would put in a time clock and make the students punch it.

I would make them work eight hours a day.

I would train boys to habits of thrift, punctuality, conscientiousness and check up on them.

I would get rid of big business athletics—football games with tickets at \$5.00.

I would restore athletics to the many.

I would get rid of college snobbery and stop waste of time.—Roger Babson.

She—"Do you think that I go out with every Tom, Dick and Harry?"

He—"No, I suppose some of them go out with other girls."—College Humor.

Professor (to student)—"Why are you so far behind in your studies?"

Student—"So I can pursue them better."—College Humor.

Mr. Ford's world is divided into two parts—those who ride and those who deride.—College Humor.

"OBIRE OCULIS"

The definition of the "Civilized Man" was a very interesting one and it was rather restrictive in its limits. It was quite adequate and provided ample food for thought which might create some worry in the mind of the normal student. The great scope of things which exist today and with which we must be acquainted in order to be "acutely attuned with the present" present a difficult barrier for many. Of course we cannot expect to become freely conversant on everything which exists nor can we become conversant on half of all that exists, but to possess this ability to be acutely attuned is a tremendous task for anyone to undertake.

The matter of being well-rounded mentally and spiritually, which was mentioned as a portion of the definition, should set many of us to very careful consideration of what amount of well roundedness we may boast and how well that particular amount of rounding fits our individual needs and tastes.

The "Civilized Man" who has been defined by the speakers is not very common and those of his type are few. Think about it.

The Sophomore Dining Club elections surprised me because there were one or two men not elected who, to my mind, were more worthy of the honor than some who were elected. This statement is not directed against those who received the honor nor against those who chose the nine men. (This is in justice to some few unfortunate men who had every right to expect election.)

The article which told of the French Club meeting suggested the idea that such meetings are indeed very excellent things for our organizations and for the welfare of the college as a whole. To be privileged to entertain good speakers is very fine and to have such talks as the one given by Mrs. Kendal is quite ideal. Experience cannot be enjoyed by all of us and the next best thing that we can do is to hear about the experiences of others in entertaining manners. The French Club should be congratulated, along with other organizations, for offering such opportunities to our undergraduates and these undergraduates should avail themselves of the chances offered.

On the evening of April second the French Club is offering a very fine program of French music and the concert will be unusually fine. This concert will be given on the campus and I hope that it will be well attended.

The failure of the rushing plan did not surprise me because it was not fitted to our needs here at Trinity. The proposal of an Interfraternity Council is idealistically a very commendable proposition but we must be very careful when one is organized. The most delicate spot in the organization of a council would be in the matter of a suitable rushing agreement and until one can be drawn up which would be entirely acceptable every effort should be made to prevent it. The proposed system was not adequate and because of this it was rejected. If it had gone into effect there might have been a short period of pleasant relations between fraternities on the campus but soon the dust would certainly begin to fly with cyclonic velocity and the pleasant relations would be scattered by the fury of the blow.

The failure of the proposed plan should not be the end of such constructive efforts. "The Tripod" has been responsible for a great amount of the discussion which led to the formation of the plan and it will continue to work for one. This future plan might solve our problems, but it must be a very good one in order to do it.

BROADCAST.

(Continued from page 1, column 2.)

passionless. They also mentioned a few occasions when, as general and President, he broke out into round oaths when he lost his temper.

Washington, who would naturally have been a Tory in the Revolution, became its great leader, the professors said, because he had thought out the problem, saw the trend of the times and realized before most men in the colonies did that complete separation from England was necessary. To Washington more than to any other one man, the country owes a working Constitution, they declared.

True evidence of Washington's integrity and greatness is found in his tremendous and continual hold upon public confidence, the professors said. Given a sufficient period of time, they declared, the opinion of the mass of a people is an accurate indication of a man's worth. Even though Washington was beset by cabals during the Revolution and had only two real supporters left in Congress near the end of his administration, he always held the implicit confidence of the people, they said, as is shown by the Federalist Party's campaign slogan late in his administration of "Stand By Washington."

The alumni notes were interesting in one respect and because of that one thing we have some cause to be rather proud. Every one of the alumni mentioned in the notes of last week's issue had accomplished such things as would indicate real workers. We are glad to say that they are Trinity men and we hope that some day we may accomplish things just as commendable.

The results of the debate announced in the last issue of "The Tripod" are very gratifying to those who represented us in that debate and are gratifying to the rest of the student body. This debate is the first that Trinity has had for several years and to be victorious in the first of the present debates is a commendable thing. May these good results be a stimulus to further efforts in debating so that the future will see us equally successful.

There has been very little said about the orchestra which plays at the basketball games and I feel that some comment should be made. The orchestra is something which like the debating club has been revived with the interest of those most close to it. My prediction is that in a year's time the boys will be playing a type of music that will be very good. Most of them are freshmen and all are artists.

Trinity students may regard with just pride the article which pointed out that our scholastic standing was relatively high. Many colleges put entirely too much stress on the success of teams and organizations which do not lead to this more important and essential factor and the national scholastic standing is not as high as it might be. So many people attend colleges today who are there merely because it is a nice thing to do, that those who do seek the advantages to be gained are comparatively few. I am very proud to point out the rating which Trinity enjoys in the educational world and to be able to say that we do rank highly is a rare privilege.

An interesting article appeared in the latest issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" and I recommend it to those who have time to read it. Harold Christian Jensen is the author and "Doomsday" is the title. You will get a lot of pleasure from this article and there will be plenty to think about.

PROFESSOR SHEPARD'S TALK.

(Continued from page 1, column 1.)

shape the very habit of his thought still more, perhaps, of his feelings, and therefore of his conduct * * * to shape it according to some standard or ideal of thought and feeling and conduct agreed upon by wise and civilized men over a long period of time as sound and humanly valuable. But America has in large part rejected those standards and ideals which were worked out in Europe during four thousand years of toil and thought and prayer. She has not had time or vitality or even interest enough to shape others of her own.

"How, then, are we to educate? How can we shape the minds of men to standards and ideals not yet defined? The past has no hold upon us. The present is distracted and slovenly and miscellaneous. The future is a guess. We can, of course, and we do, force young men to memorize dates and names and formulae and verbal constructions, but what is the hearing of all this upon true education—unless, indeed, we use these things as tools in some real construction! What is there in the best kept and most thoroughly memorized notebook wherewith a young man may mend his ways, wherefrom he may gain the wisdom and courage he will so soon need in this rather perplexing world?

"But after all there is thing left us—a thing upon which the wiser educators of the past laid great stress but which we have nearly forgotten. I mean the heroic tradition. Whether we be young men or old, all of us must have some ideal of manhood to which we look up with veneration—an ideal to set our standards for us, a model to which we conform our lives. As the years pass, this ideal grows more and more an inward thing, a creation of our own thought, an ideal or standard below which we cannot fall without pain and shame; but in a man's youth this model should be external. This is the reason why biographies of great men form perhaps the most valuable of all educational material. This is why Plutarch's 'Lives' should be read from end to end and by every man before he is twenty-one. But our business is to be not only human but American as well, and to this end we must shape our lives upon American heroes.

"America has developed two heroes upon her soil during these three hundred years. It will be the task of a thousand years to compare and contrast, to study and to imitate them."

"TRIPOD" BOARD MEETS.

There was a meeting of "The Tripod" Board last Wednesday afternoon in No. 19 Jarvis Hall. General policies of the paper were discussed and the Business Manager presented a financial report for the first term.

Trinity College

But if the pleasures at Bowdoin were not expensive, so neither were the penalties. The amount of Hawthorne's collegiate bill for one term was less than \$41, and of this sum more than 9s, was made up of fines. The fines, however, were not heavy. He had just been fined fifty cents for playing cards for money during the preceding term."—Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Henry James, Jr.

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NEW BOOKS

A TESTY MENTOR.

"England", by William Ralph Inge. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. \$3. Reviewed by C. K. Ogden.

It is distressing that the country of Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley, of the Rev. John Donne and the Rev. T. R. Malthus, should not have produced a cleric of intellectual eminence for over a century. Englishmen are wont to rejoin that America is in the same plight, but if the impeachment be true our distress is only increased. For the churches still apparently rule supreme, claiming that outside the Faith there are only a few old-fashioned materialists, and, with the banks, they certainly monopolize all the corner sites in every city and hamlet of the Empire.

More than this: they are secure in nearly all the sinecures and endowments of ten centuries, with libraries and leisure ad lib. Take the case of Dean Inge. For many years a professor at Cambridge, and now a high metropolitan dignitary, he has studied and written what he chose. Now at the height of his fame he approaches what he describes as "the most difficult literary task I have ever undertaken," and the result could probably have been eclipsed from every point of view by at least a dozen journalists now in New York, not to mention the various authorities on whom he relies.

The book is divided into five chapters dealing with the land and its inhabitants, The Soul of England, Empire, Industrialism, and Democracy. In an Epilogue of twenty pages we are told that "in the next great war all who have anything to lose will lose it," but that even when the storm clouds are blackest the Dean is "never tempted to wish that he was other than an Englishman."

One of Dean Inge's chief complaints is that the successful—those who are sufficiently well known to be included in "Who's Who"—are not nearly keeping up their numbers. The Dean, we find, appears in "Who's Who." The present writer (whose number is certainly not up), though he may never so appear, especially if he imprudently elects to excoriate eminent Episcopalians, is tempted to reply that "Who's Who" doubles in bulk every little while, is chiefly filled with clerics and colonels, and what of it?

Turning to details, the Dean's account of the development of England and the growth of the Empire is largely based on opinions prevalent in the nineties, interspersed with oddities such as this: "Emerson, eighty years ago and recently Mr. Pryce Collier, have expressed the opinion that the English are heavier than the Americans; but this I cannot believe." On the other hand, after a glance at some of those who belong not to what he calls the privileged classes but to the slum-dwellers, he remarks: "It is improbable that any such miserable specimens of humanity survived the rougher conditions of the Middle Ages." And here we get the first indication of the Dean's partiality to Birth Control. He detects an "intrinsic inferiority in the crowds of unwanted children who infest our great cities."

These inferior beings, whose unfitness and degeneracy are later manifested in "their reluctance to emigrate while our grateful country provides them with the means of leading a parasitic existence," breed too fast. They are actual or potential socialists, communists, syndicalists and so forth—"the worst scourge of Europe." Far, then, from representing a new religious radicalism sympathetic to the victims of those philoprogenitive optimists, the Victorian Christians, and prepared to educate them to control their destiny by controlling their numbers, he is revealed as merely one more testy Malthusian.

He actually asserts that serious opposition to Birth Control comes from "the Socialists, who are violently antagonistic to any cause of action which would diminish human misery." His understanding of the things he dislikes may be judged by the extraordinary statement that the Social Democratic Federation "is not a class organization, and its declarations have usually been temperate." Foreman Hyndman, Middleman—what an epitaph! And just who is "Vincent St. John, the leading American Syndicalist," who is quoted along with Sorel and other "advocates of a religion of hatred, cruelty, and misery"? The Gospel according to St. John runs: "The question of right or wrong does not concern us," from which we infer that he had either been reading Nietzsche or Viscount Wolseley's "Soldier's Manual." We are, however, now prepared to hear that "the whole Labor Party, held together by iron discipline, is pledged to schemes of wholesale confiscation;" to find citations and references to Sombach (for Sombart), J. C. Hammond, and so forth. In the Bibliography appears a work by Beck, though Beer is given elsewhere, and the Pryce Collier of the text becomes Price.

American readers will be relieved to learn that George III "while he kept his reason was a much abler man than is usually supposed." And "of our own beloved sovereign it is enough to say that throughout his sadly troubled reign he has so borne himself that in England, alone among nations which still preserve the old form of constitution, there is no anti-monarchical party worth mentioning." Enough, certainly. But the Dean inadvertently goes on to explain that in an hereditary monarchy "the chances are enormously against the sovereign being a man of outstanding ability." And this after he has carefully appraised the latest biographies of Queen Victoria: "Enough indiscretions have been committed to impair the confidence which is still placed in constitutional monarchy. It appears, etc."

In view of all his talk about a purified Christianity, it is striking to find this representative of Christ on earth indulging in all those petulant expressions of a narrow nationalism which the press is only too ready to twist and exaggerate if occasion arises. Thus, as regards America, we read of the "affronts and injuries" which England has put up with; the "bloated prosperity and airs of superiority" of Shylock, etc. No wonder many educated Englishmen feel that the Dean may be right that "there has seldom been any strong anti-clerical feeling" in England, but are wondering whether it is not time that something was done to remedy this national defect. For the most powerful reply to such an exhibition would be the demonstration that most of the ills from which England is suffering are due primarily to the body whose ablest intellect can thus debase itself.

Nevertheless there are those who regard Dean Inge as the herald of a new gospel, the scourge of a foolish and a degenerate age. His sincerity and his personal charm have won him many disciples, quite apart from his reputation as a scholar and a far-sighted epigrammatist. It must, however, be the hope of the English speaking world that our mentor will not add to his reputation as a prophet by this his latest testament.—Saturday Review of Literature.

"This suspense is awful," said the flapper, when she noticed that her garters allowed her new silk stockings to wrinkle.—Life.

"Jack certainly takes a nonchalant attitude."
"Yes, and also he doesn't seem to care a hang."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

HUMOR?

BROTHERLY LOVE.

A boy was found chained and handcuffed last week in the bottom of a well in St. Louis County. He didn't say what fraternity had been rushing him.—Washington Dirge.

Inquisitive Lady—"And now, officer, tell me what that strap under your chin is for."

Officer—"That, lady, is to rest my poor old jaw when it gets tired answering silly questions."—Scream.

Hostess—"I have heard that you were an excellent musician. I am so disappointed—I had hoped to see you come in with an instrument under your arm. What instrument do you play?"

Guest—"The piano."—West Point Pointer.

It seems
A bit contradictory
That
The upper class
Sleep in
Lower berths.

—Louisville Satyr.

"What's become of that hotel clerk who used to be in the Giltmore?"
"He lost his job."

"Did they catch him stealing?"
"Worse than that, they caught him smiling."—V. M. I. Sniper.

The Primrose Path.

One—"Aw, come on, have another banana sundae."

Two—"Don't tempt me. I feel myself slipping now."—Cornell Widow.

"Well," as the heiress said when she slipped out the back door and eloped with the hired man, "I have something to chauffeur my money, anyway."—Notre Dame Juggler.

Women are just like flowers—when they fade they dye.—Black and Blue Jay.

"What is sophistication, Joe?"
"Sophistication means not feeling guilty about anything you do."—Wiscorsin Octopus.

"She is a genuine soft-soaper."
"Who is?"
"Our laundress."—Lehigh Burr.

"That's a snappy burnt-orange tie."
"Yeah; I got it at a fire sale."—Judge.

Social Worker—"And what is your name, my good man?"
The Convict—"999."
Social Worker—"Oh, but that's not your real name."
The Convict—"Naw, that's only me pen name."—Judge.

Intelligence Test

Instructor—"Life Insurance?"

The Class (as one man, without hesitation)—
"John Hancock"

Instructor (beaming with joy)—
"Class dismissed. Your I. Q. is 130."

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